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which gives one an excellent idea of the gifted artist.

The collection of pictures, to be sold for the benefit of the Fund, is very creditable, containing good specimens of the styles of some of our best artists. Prominent among the works exhibited is "Morning on the Hudson, Haverstraw Bay," by S. R. Gifford—a most exquisite picture, which is all the more commendable from the fact that it is entirely different in style and color from any of the artist's warm, glowing pictures.

This ends the notice of the artists' Fund Society Exhibition; in reviewing the pictures, I have endeavored to do so with an unbiassed and unprejudiced eye, giving praise where it is due and not sparing that which is bad. Some pictures may have been overlooked, but it is next to impossible to notice every picture in a large exhibition and the critic is forced to content himself with those which are positively good, positively bad, or such as give promise of future excellence in the painter.

The Fifth Annual Exhibition of pictures of the French, English and Flemish Schools is now open at the Studio Building, in Tenth street, and is attracting some notice. Although, as a whole, unsatisfactory, the collection contains many good works of foreign artists, which shall be noticed next week.

The artists of the Studio Building gave their first "At Home" on Saturday of last week, and were visited by many art lovers. This is a very good idea, and will undoubtedly serve to excite some interest in American art; one great fault, however, in the present plan is that the invitations issued are too exclusive, being extended only to a certain set; let them be to the public in general, and the fact thoroughly advertised throughout the daily and weekly papers; this will draw in outsiders, and the people may perchance have their eyes open to the fact that we have amongst us artists who can rank with the greatest of those of the old country, and that they can buy as good pictures from native painters as they will find in the auction galleries and salesrooms of foreign picture dealers.

PALETTE.

#### LITERARY MATTERS.

"GRIFFITH GAUNT; OR JEALOUSY," by CHARLES READE. Published by TICKNOR & FIELDS.

Probably no work of fiction produced within the last half century has created such a sensation and received so much severe criticism as "Griffith Gaunt." It appears to be fair game for every quill driver to hurl his venomous shafts at, and pour out his torrents of abuse upon, poor Mr. Reade! He little knew what a hornet's nest of criticism he was raising about his ears when he wrote this novel—a novel which, in after years, will stamp him as one of giants of literature of the nineteenth century. Next to Thackeray, Mr. Reade is, without a doubt, the greatest novelist of the age; and in some points he is even superior to Thackeray, having a greater command of language, and investing his dialogues with a force and power which is eminently vigorous and natural. Herein lies the great charm of Mr. Reade's style, it is so essentially true to human nature, his characters talk like men and women, and not

like the stilted, pedantic beings we find in novels, but never in the world. Then again, there is a freshness and vigor in all his writing, a bold Saxon bluntness, which does not hesitate to call things by their proper names, instead of covering them up with the affected prudery of society; add to this his great power of drawing character—in which he is unsurpassed by every living writer—and we find that Mr. Reade is possessed of all the necessary requisites of a great novelist—a novelist who, although sensation newspapers may revile, the people will always read and admire. But "Griffith Gaunt" has been attacked on the score of its morality, and this by one of our leading papers, the editors of which have made themselves conspicuous for their opposition to the opinions of other journalists, and a continued abuse of everything good, bad, and indifferent. Let us look at their record of literary morality, and see if this is not a case of "the pot calling the kettle black." About a year since was published in the journal in question, a paper entitled "The Purple Woman," which was an elaborate account of the well-being, handsome dresses, manners and "turn outs" of the unfortunate *traviatas* of our great city. The writer of it chuckled with glee over the idea that those unfortunates might be seen in the Park seated in a handsome carriage, and driving neck and neck with the wives and families of ministers, bankers, and respectable merchants, and hinted that, of the two, the wife of the minister, banker, or respectable merchant was apt to look less a lady than her traller neighbor. The article was doubtless written with the most strictly moral intentions, but it certainly sounded otherwise.

Then, at a later period appeared a paper which attempted to prove by specious arguments that the majority of American women were habitual drunkards. In addition to the two above mentioned papers, several others of an equally immoral character appeared in the journal, the names of which have, at the moment, slipped our memory. And this paper is to set itself up in opposition to "Griffith Gaunt" on the score of its immorality! The plot of the story is a disagreeable one we admit, but as to its morality no reasonable reader will deny that it is quite as strong on that score as any of the modern novels, and certainly far beyond the works of Fielding, Smollet, and many other of the old writers. But the plot we do not consider so much; the great beauty of "Griffith Gaunt" lies in the vigor and terseness of the dialogue, and the wonderful knowledge of human nature displayed by its author in the drawing of character; hence, as a story, we do not look upon it as a thorough success, but as a true and life-like picture of humanity, both in its best and worst phases, and as a piece of strong, vigorous and incisive writing, we do not for instant hesitate to pronounce the greatest work of the age.

The National Conservatory, now located in Madison Avenue, near 29th Street, commenced its series of soirees on Friday evening, Nov. 30th, with excellent promise of success, the rooms being well filled and the select audience there assembled expressing gratification for the musical entertainment then provided by Professors and Pupils.

[For the American Art Journal.]

#### OJOS CRIOLLOS.

Come once more, oh wild notes flowing—

Come, thou power most divine!  
Like a god, my right hand raising,  
I can call the dead years mine!  
Come, lost days! not flown forever—  
Love, like Memory, never dies;  
Nor the music that we loved so,  
Faithful still, sweet Creole Eyes!

You are shining down upon me,  
As the swift chords swell and fall;  
Other treasures have been fleeting—  
Ye seem steadfast over all!  
Nothing lingers—life is floating  
On the strong tide far away;  
You and I alone are waiting  
For the glory of the day.  
Only you are looking, looking—  
Lingering when Life's fever flies;  
Only you and I are living  
In this dream, bright Creole Eyes!

Flash, ye wild notes, through my vision,  
Sweep to the eternal sea!  
Sweep the wrecks of earthly passion  
Farther from those eyes and me!  
While the hurrying tide is swiftest,  
Leave us stranded safe and far—  
Looking down on Time's vain current,  
High above its weary war.  
High above the strife and sinning,  
And the bitter sacrifice,  
Let us dream and never waken,  
Never more, dear Creole Eyes!

Ye are still as deep and tender  
As in years long passed away;  
Fair as if no night had fallen  
Since that last and brightest day;  
Still the sad and wistful shadow  
O'er your haughty glory lies—  
Lift the sorrow and the longing  
Up to Heaven, sad Creole Eyes!

For the dream already going—  
For the dream long dead and gone—  
For the peace I may not cling to,  
As the swift notes hurry on!  
Pray for us! that we no longer  
Cast Life's glory all aside;  
That *this* dream be ours forever,  
Though too soon the last one died!  
Lift your voice, oh you that loved me!  
Pray for me! the swift tide rolls,  
And the chords grow deeper—vaster—  
As the gulf between our souls!  
Lift your prayer that you may linger  
When the last frail shadow dies;  
Pass not on this sweeping current  
To the sea, oh Creole Eyes!

I can feel the south wind blowing  
With the spice-balm in its breath;  
And I hear the great sea singing,  
Life is victor over Death;  
I can see the heaven bend blue,  
O'er your eyes, like stars divine,  
And the rising gems of twilight  
In the day's last glory, shine.